

OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS.

Oh, my golden slippers am laid away,
Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em 'till my weddin' day,
An' my long-tailed coat, dat I loved so well,
I will wear up in de ohariot in de morn ;
An' my long white robe dat I bought last June,
I'm gwine to get changed kase it fits too soon.
An' de ole grey horse dat I used to drive,
I will hitch up to the chariot in de morn.

CHORUS.

Oh, dem golden slippers ! Oh, dem golden slippers !
Golden slippers I'm gwine to wear, becasse dey look so neat,
Oh, dem golden slippers ! Oh, dem golden slippers !
Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear, to walk de golden street.

Oh, my ole banjo hangs on de wall,
Kase it ain't been tuned since way last fall,
But de darks all say we will hab a good time,
When we ride up in de ohariot in de morn.
Dar's ole Brudder Ben and Sister Luce,
Dey will telegraph de news to Unole Bacco Juicoe,
What a great camp-meetin' der will be dat day,
When we ride up in de ohariot in de morn.

Oh, dem golden slippers ! Etc.

So, it's good-bye, ohildren, I will have to go,
Whar de rain don't fall or de wind don't blow,
And yer ulster coats, why, yer will not need,
When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn ;
But yer golden slippers must be nice and clean,
And yer age must be just sweet sixteen,
And yer white kid gloves yer will have to wear,
When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn.

Oh, dem golden slippers ! Etc.
